

E L O G Y

Upon that never to be forgotten Matron,

Old Maddam Gwinn,

Who was unfortunately Drown'd in her own Fishpond, on the 29th of July 1675.

Mourners prepare, let doleful Ecchoes sound;
To rouse the ghost that traces the silent round
And *Læ* be quaff, in their eternal Boles,
Once more T'incorporate their departed Souls.
Let all Repair, and as Attendants waite;
On this untimely Character of Fate.
Yet let *Elysium* Fields be Guarded, sure
Great *Pluto* there, those Fountains must secure.
That send such Rivers forth, which once being tain,
They yield a pow'r to reassume again
A mortal Shape, and once more view the Skies,
If Fame be true, at least Poetick Lies
Will Pardons meet, whilst *Rome* can Oaths translate,
We have the power to add, Illustrate.
Or else diminish this occasion's found,
For naked Truth received a papal Wound:
And therefore dares not venture on the Stage,
Least she become the Monster of the Age.
But yet, suppose there is such Streams, then know,
That our Advice will profit much below.
Look too: then *Radamantis*, for now she,
Who has Exhausted *France* and *Normandie*;
Descends thy Shades, and like *Babemorb* will,
At one found Draught, whole Floods of *Lethe* swill.
So that the rest may hope to taste in vain,
And yet ne'r find a Cordial for their Pain.
But since she's gone, our Tiplers need not fear;
For whilst she liv'd true *Nants* was monstrous deer.
Yet *Brandy-Merchants*, sure have cause to grieve;
Because her Fate admits of no Reprieve.
Die in their Debts she could not, yet they'll find,
Their Trad's decay'd, for none is left behind;
That in one Day could twenty Quarts consume,
And bravely vaunt, she durst it twice presume.
Bounteous she was, unto her self and wou'd;
Be sure to taste, what e'r she fancied good.
As for the Plot, none e'r could tax her (why?)
Because her So ill did Active thoughts defy:
She hated Treason, and was always bent;
To please her self, with Liquid Element.
Nor could a superstitious Thought prevail,
To make her in Religious Notions fail.
No Transubstantiations would she know,
But what distill'd from Palid Wines did flow.
Nor any Relict wou'd she own but that,
Which good St. *Brandy* did from *France* translate.
Her Care was always to adore the Shrine,
Of Tavern-Bath, that had the briskest Wine.
One thing of her, I almost had forgot;
She oft wou'd praise a season'd *Brandy* Pot.
And with such fervent Kisses grace the Cup,
That it contented, when she tost it up.
These are not half her vertuous Deeds, for still,
She wou'd a Pipe with Expe lition fill.
And then cou'd force the Vapours to abound,
That Clouds of S.noak wou'd oft invade her round
And to like *Jana*, undiscerned sit,
By pleasing Arts, not Charms of Magick Wit.

But Fortune to the bravest is a Foe,
When least deserv'd, she does most envy show.
And often vers, at last she joyns with Fate,
And persecutes with undeserved Hate.
For this good Matron, that so well was fed;
By lean-jaw'd Death, was into Bondage led.
I will not say with *Typhon*'s her wast Bulk,
O'respread nine Acres, yet her mighty Hulk;
Six Foot in Compass was suppos'd to be,
Too ponderous for a common Destinie.
No Fate when she was sober durst assail,
Her well-built Structure, nor could ought prevail.
Too strong the *Balis* were, whereon she stood;
That solid Mass, compos'd with Flesh and Blood
Had not perfidious Legs and Feet betray'd;
The Element could not have Conquest made.
But here's the Plot! As Jesuits assist each other,
So pow'ful *Brandy*, help'd its weaker Brother.
And both together did effect, what none
Could have perform'd; had it been left alone.
So Joynt-Conspiracies oft ruine States,
Which are too strong, and brave the Vulgar Fates
But since this good Matron's gone, lets pay
Her Obsequies, and weep without delay.
Let *Brimy* Tears, from watry Fountains flow,
And all the Paths with mournful *Cyprius* strow.
Red-Noses, you that live by drinking, must
Attend the Hearse, your places are the first.
Next after you, in Order must proceed;
Those social Toppers, that no Quarrels breed.
And next those Heroes, who with Sinoak and Fire,
Can make the Intrels of a Pipe expire.
Those Sons of *Vulcan*, that his Forge Attune;
And *Caucus* like, can belch perpetual Fume.
And then those Ladies must Attendants be,
Who are most skill'd in Arts of Gallantrie:
As such who scorn, to turn their Backs on Men,
But if they Close, will Close with them agen.
The next that grace this mournful Train must sing
A Catch, or *Requiem* unto *Brandy*, King
Of all the powerful Liquors, thus we shall
Close up this Scen or Pompous Funeral

E P I T A P H.

Here lies intomb'd within this Marble Pile,
The wonder of her Sex, who for a while;
Fate durst not venture on, but taking Breath,
H has relin'd her to the Arms of Death.
Reader's Lament, for seldom shall you find,
The weaker Sex to bear so strong a mind.
Strengthened with all the Virtues *France* or *th Rhine*,
England, or *Spain* could ere infuse from Wine.
But *Bacchus* unkind did tempt her to engage,
Where sh: expired by subtle *Neptunes* rage.
Tho Fate was Cruel, yet her Fame remains;
For drinking, none like her the World contains.
O after-Ages then, a Statue raise,
That so we may Eternal be her Praise.